Darby O'Gallagher,

To which are added,

The Man of Faſhion,
The Tempeſt,
The Engliſh Slave & Turkiſh Lady,

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Darby o'Gallagher, or the anſwer to Morgan Rattler.

GREAT boaſting of late we have heard of the fates,
Of the comical rake called Morgan Rattler,
But now we have found one will cut him down
Well known by the name of young Darby o'Gallagher.
He is a kriſk blade and a black-ſmith by trade,
Well known by the ladies to be a gay froliker
As he paſſes by the ladies replies,
There goes the bold hammerman Darby o'Gallagher.
At Mullingar fair young Dermot was there,
With Nancy Adair that well noted ſmaliker
Her gown ſhe did pledge for the triangle wedge,
That was drove by the ſledge of Darby O'Gallagher.
If you would ſee him dandle that yellow ſledge handle,
As ſtiff as the leg of a ſtool in a wallet, ſir,
Each maid with ſurprize does twinkle their eyes,
At the wonderful ſize of his D. O'Gallagher.
His excellent muſick is good for the tiſick,
It works the fair maids like a doſe of jallip,
No Doctor of ſkill can cure it ſo well,

As the two ſmacking hammers of Darby
O'Gallagher.
A maid moſt ra[illegible] with a languiſhing air,
Whoſe ſkin was fair and locks were black ſir;
She being diſtreſt did beg the requeſt
Of a blaſt of the bellows from D. OGallagher
So now to conclude girls don't think it rude
For ſinging the praiſe of this ſporting frolicker
Now Morgan may ſleep he's the boy that
can ſweep,
Twelve ſhillings away with his Darby
O'Gallagher.

The TEMPEST.

CEASE, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer,
Liſt, ye landmen all to me;
Meſſ-mates hear a brother ſailor,
Sing the dangers of the ſea.
From bounding billows firſt in motion,
When the diſtant whirlwinds riſe,
To the tempeſt troubled oceon,
When the ſeas contend with ſkies.
Hark! the boatſwain hoarſly bawling,
By top-ſail ſheets and hallyard ſtand,
Down top-gallants, quick, be hawling,
Down your ſtry-ſails, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freſhens, ſet the braces,
The lee top ſail ſheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-ſail nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
Freſh enjoyment, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms.
Around us roars the tempeſt louder,
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatſwain's call.
The top-ſail yard point to the wind boys,
See all clear to reef each courſe,
Let the fore-ſheet go, don't mind boys,
Tho' the weather ſhould be worſe.
Fore and aft the ſprit-ſail yard get,
Reef the mizen, ſee all clear,
Hands up, each preventure brace ſet,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.
Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending claſh,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flaſh.
The wide ſea all around us,
Nothing above but one black ſky!
Different deaths at once ſurround us,
Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?
The fore-maſt's gone cries e'ery tongue out,
O'er the lee twelve feet above deck,
A leak beneath the cheſtree's ſprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck!
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
Come my heart's be ſtout and bold,
Plumb the well, the leak increaſes,

Four feet water's in the hold,
While o'er the ſhip the weld weavs beating,
We for wives and children mourn,
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are choak'd below,
Heav'n have mercy here vpon us,
Only GOD can ſave us now.
On the lee-beam is the land boys,
Let the guns oe'r board be thrown,
To the pumps come every hand boys,
See her mizzen maſt is gone.
The leak we've found it cannot pour faſt,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more,
Then up and ring a jury fore maſt,
She's tight, ſhe's tight, boys, wear off ſhore.
Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune ſav'd our lives,
Come, the cann boys, let's be drinking,
To our ſweet hearts ond our wives;
Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it,
Cloſe to lips the brimmer join,
Where's the tempeſt now? who feels it,
None;—our danger's drown'd in wine.

The Man of Faſhion.

ALL you that are counted witty with ſpirits alamode,
Repair to Dublin City where all things are in vogue, Sir,

For to rabble and to rant to ſwagger and to
cant,
To look ſharp on every occaſion;
With a new way to ſwear and drink 'till
you ſtare,
And then you are a Man of Faſhion.
It's down in the country you'll boaſt of
your proceedings,
You'll rank among the quality to extall your
birth and fortune,
You tell them "that of late you have got
an eſtate,
Of very great conſideration;
With your gold you'll rattle 'till you fling
them all,
And then you're a Man of Faſhion.
Altho' you live in ſplendor the world will
begin to doubt,
Your income being ſlender the duns will
flock about,
If you do not pay them without much delay,
They'll ſurely cauſe vexation;
Then you've no more for to ſay but take
horſe and away,
And then you're a Man of Faſhion.
Next you get a wife who has great ſtore
of riches,
You may lead a married life but never let
her wear the breeches,
When that of all her ſtore there is no more,
To come from her friends or relations;

Kick her out of doors and bring in half a
dozen w——s,
And then you're a Man of Faſhion.

The Engliſh Slave and Turkiſh Lady.

SIT you down, and liſten a while,
I'll tell you a ſtory will make you ſmile
'Tis of a Turkiſh lady brave,
That fell in love with an Engliſh Slave.
A Merchant-ſhip in Briſtol lay,
As we were ſailing o'er the ſea,
By Turkiſh rovers taken were we,
And all our men made ſlaves to be.
They bound us down in irons ſtrong,
Whipped and flaſhed us all along,
No tongue can tell I'm very ſure,
What we poor ſailors do endure.
Sit you down and liſten awhile,
And hear how fortune did on him ſmile,
It was his good fortune for to be
A ſlave unto a rich lady.
She dreſſed herſelf in rich array,
And went to view her ſlaves one day,
Hearing the moan this young man made,
She ſtept unto him and thus ſhe ſaid.
What country-man kind ſir are you,
An Engliſh-man Madam it's true,
I wiſh you were a Turk quoth ſhe,
And I would eaſe you of your ſlavery.
If you do become a Turk,
I'll eaſe you of your ſlaviſh work,

And I myſelf will be your wife,
Then I would love you as my life.
No, no, no, no, Madam, ſaid he,
Your conſtant ſlave I chuſe to be,
Before I would my GOD forſake,
I would be burned at a ſtake.
So to her chamber the lady went,
And paſt the night in diſcontent,
Reſolved ſhe was by the next day,
To eaſe him of his ſlavery.
They ſailed away to Briton's ſhore,
With jewels, diamonds and great ſtore,
To friends and parents ſhe bid adieu,
By this you ſee what love can do.

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